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This Company continues to insure Dwellings, Barns, Stores and other country property, terms more favorable than any other Company. It has no city risks, and is therefore liable to no great disaster like the Chicago fire.

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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1876.

TERMS—\$1.50 per Annum.

WHOLE NO. 156.

The Lost Baby.

Come, my wife, put down the Bible.

Lay your glasses on the book.

Both of us are bent and aged—

Backward, mother, let me look.

It is still the same old homestead—

Where I brought you long ago—

When the hair was bright with sunshine—

That is now like winter's snow—

Let us talk about the babies—

As we sit here all alone,

Such a merry troop of youngsters—

How we lost them one by one.

Jack, the first of all the party,

Came to us one winter's night—

Jack, who said, should be a parson,

Long before he saw the light.

Do you see that great cathedral,

Filled, the transept and the nave,

Hear the organ grandly pealing,

Watch the silks grandly waving—

See the priest in robes of office,

With the altar at his back—

Would you think that gifted preacher

Could be our own little Jack?

Then a girl with curly tresses—

Used to climb upon my knee,

Like a little fairy princess—

Ruling at the age of three,

With the world at her feet—

Would you think that brilliant lady

Could be your own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster—

I can hear him panting now—

Such a strong and sturdy fellow,

With his broad and honest brow,

How he used to love his mother!

And I say, your trembling lips,

He'll be off on the water,

Captain of a royal ship.

See the broncos upon his forehead,

Hear the voice of stern command—

That boy who sang so fondly

To his mother's gentle hand?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster—

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Such a strong and sturdy fellow,

With his broad and honest brow,

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